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L'UMILE PIANTA.

CORRECTIONS & CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

An enormous number of corrections and changes of address have been received, some few by the Editor, the greater number in response to inquiries from the office. The old list proves to be so faulty that the Editor has decided not to publish any corrections at all in this number, but to re-publish the whole list in January; this is such an expense that it cannot be undertaken both now and in January. Any further alterations must therefore reach the Editor by January 1st.

Is it too much to ask that students who nearly all give lessons on "Citizenship" should show themselves aware of the responsibilities of corporate life by responding to these constant appeals for correct addresses?

L'UMILE PIANTA.

The Editor wishes to call special attention to a paragraph on page 13 of the September number. It runs as follows:—

"The Editor therefore begs the heads of years, and especially those who had interested themselves in this suggestion, to send *as soon as possible* and *to her* the names of those to whom it would be profitable to apply for articles, marking the names 'Art,' 'Geography,' 'History,' according to the talents and tastes of the possible writers. The Editor can then apply to them as space and opportunity demand."

Only *one* response to the above has been received. The Editor is amazed that those who brought this matter up at Mrs. Franklin's meeting and made such a point of this valuable suggestion should have largely failed to make it practical, and she wishes to give the utmost publicity to this failure that the students may understand how it is that so many good ideas for the *Plant* come to nought.

All matter and notices for the next issue must reach the Editor by January 1st.

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THE NEXT STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

Suggestions for the programme of the next Conference should be sent to the Committee members *at once* on the receipt of this number, as a Committee meeting will be held late in November, when all suggestions will be considered and preliminary arrangements made.

TRIMINGHAM.

Having found our lodgings, we also found in our landlady a regular guide-book, with this difference, that her information was generally pertinent and truthful. We next made acquaintance with Trimingham staircases. These structures appear to be all alike, and are a cross between a house wall and the Matterhorn, only the Matterhorn has, I believe, a wire rope up it in places as a help, and the staircases have no such aids to personal safety. Indeed I understand that most of the upstairs furniture was put in first, and the house built up afterwards. We next proceeded to explore the village, and found that it was perched 300 feet above the sea, on the highest point of the Norfolk cliffs, and the descent to the sands would have filled us with terror if we had not first made acquaintance with the staircases, but after them all seemed easy. Both the cliffs and the sands stretch away for miles in both directions, but the former drop down to nothing more than a bank further south, and, I believe, that at low water you can walk right from Cromer in the north almost to Yarmouth in the south, along the sands—and fine sands they are at Trimingham. From the top of the cliffs, which consist of nothing harder than clay, there is a grand view over the sea, with all the beautiful lights and shades, and it is a peculiar thing that if it is windy down on the shore it is calm up on the cliffs, and *vice versa*. Moreover, there is this advantage about them, that once you have walked down to the shore and up again you need no more exercise that day. The shore is very good for bathing, gentle slope and very little shingle, so that you can bathe at any tide, and, what is more, there are none of those curses of a fashionable bathing-place—bathing machines. Not that you emulate the simple lifer and perform your toilet on the sands, but you hire a tent by the week from the old man of the sea or erect your own and enjoy yourself. This old man was our second acquaintance at Trimingham—and he goes by the name of Father William, Cupid, or Venus; his real name is Cubbitt—and we soon learned that Trimingham is peopled by Cubbitts, Olleys,

and Clarks, all more or less related, and this Cupid is the son of the patriarch of the tribe of Cubbitts. The only man, I think, who is not a Cubbitt, Clark, or Olley is a Marshal, who owns a marl pit at the top of the cliff and is only tolerated because his wife was an Olley. After the sea we turned our attention inland, and very pretty country we found it. My experience of guide-books has not, I suppose, been a fortunate one. In Wales we had a production called the "Gossiping Guide," and gossiping it certainly was in the sense that it told you nothing that you wanted to know, a little that you did not, and that little untrue. I remember we finally kicked it to pieces at Capel Curig after spending two hours looking for a path that was not there. This year we were a bit better off, for what we did learn was true enough, but unfortunately it dealt almost entirely with ecclesiastical edifices. For instance, if you looked up Trimingham you found its geographical position minutely defined, and the remark "Church, Perp. and Dec., incomplete tower." Again, Southrepp's position S.E. of this and N.W. of that, Church Perp. and Dec., fine tower, all of which is quite true, for look where you would you always saw Southrepp's tower and no one ever saw the tower of Trimingham Church except with a microscope. But the guide-book had the grace to state in the preface that as Norfolk has so many churches it could not well help itself; which is true, for in Norfolk they apparently reverse matters, and build a church first and think about a village afterwards. From a hill close to Trimingham you could see forty-three churches, according to the guide-book, though we only saw thirteen towers, and two of those where lighthouses. But we supplemented the guide-book with our landlady, and got on fairly well, and the country round repaid exploration.

Our first expedition was along the sands for two and a half miles to Mundesley. We found the best way to get along was to take off our shoes—stockings from the first were voted a nuisance and were abolished and used on state occasions only—and walked bare-footed. This was really almost a necessity, for the sands not being quite level, the receding

tide left stretches of water well up on the shore which formed rivers, through which one either had to wade or be carried. The only interesting thing to notice on shore walks was the cliffs, which everywhere showed traces of landslips and encroachments of the sea, and which drop to about 100 feet or so at Mundesley. On our way back we came upon a party of fishermen digging for sand worms, and having made the acquaintance of one Tom Clark, of the tribe of Trimingham Clarks, we tried our hands at this exciting operation, but with very little success, for you have to be awfully quick starting to dig round the little pile of sand that shows the presence of a worm, and then digging down, following the direction of the hole until you see the beast, then jamb the spade in front of him, if you can, and throw him up; but they travel very quickly, drilling their way through the sand with a funny cone-shaped thing they force out in front, throwing the sand behind.

In the afternoon we bathed and played cricket on the firm sand, and in the evening went for a walk inland to Southrepps, the place with the tower. It was a very pretty walk, and the honeysuckle in the hedges was lovely, and we were always taking home great bunches of wild flowers, which were the despair of our landlady, who did not know where on earth to put them.

When we got home we thanked Heaven that we had enough to eat, for I never saw such a place to make one hungry. I would cheerfully have gone shopping to Cromer twice over rather than miss a meal. It may sound greedy, but it is a fact; one never seemed able to eat enough.

On Tuesday we went for a walk along the sands in the opposite direction, to Cromer, through Overstrand. Here the sands seem to be cut up more by rivers and by wooden piles in the sands—groins I think they are called—to prevent the sand shifting and to some extent the sea encroaching. Cromer itself is a hateful place after Trimingham, though many people seem to like it, because, I suppose, it boasts of a promenade, pier, and bathing machines. Moreover, of course, there are the golf links—a pretty country, but every-

thing is overpowered by the babies and the dogs. We had tea in Cromer, and were lucky to get it, though it was not particularly nice, for we learned later that there is a fine art in getting tea in that place. The second time we tried we had to get out of one place after waiting half an hour and fight again at another shop. We came back along the cliffs, which, though rougher and longer through the twists of the path, is more interesting than the sands. Just outside Cromer on the top of the cliffs is the lighthouse which, though only fifty feet high *per se*, is still 250 feet above sea level. We did not visit it this day, but came back to it later. The chief occupation of the children seems to be kite-flying and shrimping; there were big kites and little kites, kites in the air, on the ground, whole and in pieces—indeed, the scene would delight the heart of a Baden Powell or a Cody, but was the despair of the lighthouse-keeper, round whose charge the kites seem to flourish best. Along the cliffs, stretching almost to Overstrand, is the inevitable golf course.

Overstrand is a small place overpowered by a hotel so large that it has never been filled within the memory of man. The place itself lies further inland, and has a pretty church, Perp. and Dec. (see guide-book). Just past Overstrand on a rise on the edge of the cliff stands a tower surrounded by a few grave-stones, all that remains of a church and churchyard, which formerly stood well inland, and is well called the Garden of Sleep. The rest of the church has been moved further inland, but the graves have gone over the edge of the cliff in many a landslide. It is a pretty spot with a multitude of scarlet poppies, for this is the centre of Poppyland, and the flowers flourish on the broken face of the cliff where nothing else seems to live. It is a peculiar coast; at every step there are signs of landslips past and to come, and one needs all the consolation to be got from the knowledge that the sea recedes elsewhere if it encroaches here, and encroach it does and will, for there is no hard strata of rock in Norfolk at all. The walk after the Garden of Sleep is rather spoilt by a detestable habit they have of dividing what you can hardly call fields by low banks, preceded and followed

by a ditch, and you have to fall into this ditch, climb the bank, and slip down the other side. On a dry day the operation is not pleasant, but on a wet day, when the soil is slippery, it is nothing short of heartbreaking, and altogether the path is not to be recommended to nervous people after dusk, for in places it goes very close to the edge. The path took us through a small grove of oak trees, which appear to be a *rara avis* in this part of the world, for the few that we saw were stunted and looked very depressed, as though quite out of their element. We were glad enough to get in after our ten-mile tramp, for the wind was rising, and as soon as we got in the rain came down in torrents.

On Wednesday, after our usual bathe, we disported ourselves on the sands, and after lunch took a trip to Norwich to have a look at the Cathedral and the Castle, both of which we found rather disappointing. The Castle, which stands on a huge artificial mound, seems to be nothing but a museum, very elevating to the mind no doubt, but nevertheless disappointing, though it is somewhat relieved by a splendid view of the old city from the battlements, and a regular chamber of horrors formed by some old dungeons and instruments of torture, over which the guide waxed eloquent, and the horrors lost nothing in the telling. After the mental nutriment supplied by the museum we turned our attention to tea, and afterwards went to the Cathedral. It is small and pretty, especially from a point that we hit on by accident while trying a short cut that landed us against a brick wall and cost us ten minutes. But inside, the Cathedral is I think distinctly disappointing, though it may be due to the fact that there was no one about to show us anything of particular interest; but the Cloisters formed a redeeming feature, and were really beautiful. There are many more beautiful old buildings, as one might expect, in an ancient old city like Norwich, but trains wait for no man, and what are old buildings with their musty smells compared to the sea? So we got us home again.

On Thursday we went by train in the afternoon to Mundesley, and then walked south along the sands, hoping in due course to reach Happisborough, or Hazeboro as it is called

locally, a small place lying some eight miles from Mundesley, where there is a lighthouse and off the coast the dangerous Hazeboro sands. Indeed, they were then working on the salvage of the submarine A1 which had gone down there some weeks before, and which they raised and were again compelled to lower and finally to abandon. We saw the searchlight of the warship engaged on the operations one night, and for that night at least slept in safety, free from fears of invasion, German or otherwise. But before we got as far as this place we became aware that it was tea-time, so we struck off inland to find out where we were. About one and a half miles away we saw the lighthouse, but no place likely to afford us tea, so we started off back along the cliff, which is here only ten or fifteen feet high, in the direction of Bacton, which proved to be a very fine little place surrounded by houses, most of which were to let and many of them built of wood. Perhaps the Bacton season was over. But what was more important to us was a place where we could get tea; it was, in fact, a hotel, inn, pub, or what you will, a new erection opposite some lovely old ivy-covered ruins, which we found out were the remains of an old Benedictine Priory—Bromholt Priory I think it was. The ruins, which were in two groups and consisted of little else than walls, are in the property of a farmhouse, and we took the guide-book's word for it that they were of little interest, and so contented ourselves with a distant view, after which we continued our walk back to Mundesley and home by train.

On Friday, with another burst of energy, we walked along the cliffs to Cromer, and nearly had our heads blown off. There always seemed to be a good bit of wind on that coast except when we tried to fly a kite, and then behold there was none. But this day there was no doubt about the wind, for we saw one man at Overstrand nearly taken over the edge of the cliff by a huge box kite. The object of our expedition was really the lighthouse that we had neglected on our former visit. We were taken round by a decidedly nice sailor, who started turning round the thing for us to see, and explained it all. It was not in the least like what I expected, but

consisted of two sets of seven incandescent gas-mantles, each mantle having a parabolic silver-plated reflector at the back, one set of seven facing one way and the other seven the opposite way, and the whole revolving once in two minutes, so that there were flashes every minute, lasting for about seven seconds and fifty-three seconds dark. Each lamp was supposed to give 7,000 candle power, so that each flash was 49,000 candle power and was visible twenty-five miles off on a clear night. The sailor told us that nearly all electric lighthouses have been converted to gas because the rays of an electric arc will not penetrate a mist so well as gas, but as he confessed that his flash was sometimes invisible at 100 yards I think there cannot be much in it. The reflectors have to be kept covered by day because the sun's rays reflected and focussed on the burners would melt them. After acquiring a mass of miscellaneous information on the subject of illumination and feeling that we were already fit to become members of Trinity House, we got down the cliff on to the sands and walked home that way. Thinking it was time we explored more inland, we went on Saturday evening for a walk through lovely country lanes to a wee place called Gimingham, some three miles from Trimingham. It is a thoroughly country place, with a school, a water-mill, a church, and little else. We hunted high and low for the church before we found it hidden beneath trees, a pretty little grey stone building, which was locked, so we could not verify the guide-book's information that it was chiefly Dec.

On Monday we went by train to Cromer, intending to explore the country lying to the north and west between Cromer and Sheringham. The railway line from Trimingham to Cromer is constructed funnily; it seems to go straight for Cromer and then alter its mind and take a huge sweep round and come in from quite a different direction. However, we got there at last, and started to walk to the "Roman Camp," which the guide-book informed us was neither Roman nor a camp; otherwise the name was singularly appropriate; but the book made amends by saying that it was a beautiful spot and the Switzerland of the East, or something like that. We

walked for about four miles along a road mostly leading through woods, very pretty, with a lot of flies (the flies were not pretty), before launching off through a still prettier path leading to the camp and the tea-rooms; the latter seemed to be the chief attraction according to the notice-boards, for all roads led to them. After about a mile we came out upon the top of a hill of no great size covered with heather and free of trees, and the presence of the tea-rooms told us that this was the camp. There was a wonderfully pretty view from there, but no indication of Switzerland so far as I could see.

The view inland contained nothing but trees, but towards the shore, some three miles distant, it was very fine; the ground sloped away towards the sea and was covered with beautiful purple heather, which made a lovely foreground for the green mounds that rise on the shore between Sheringham, which we could see on our left, and West and East Runton, on the right. We had heard of the presence in the neighbourhood of some very ancient pits, called the "shrieking pits," but we could not find out much about them except that they were supposed to be connected with the ancient Druids, and that access to them was by a rough path, difficult to find; so we didn't look for them but struck off by a path through the heather towards Sheringham. We did not go into the place, which looked uninterestingly new and dominated by a big hotel with a chimney always belching forth steam and smoke, but we turned to the right by the path leading out on to the main road between Sheringham and Cromer, going through West Runton and East Runton close to Cromer. There was no manner of doubt about its being the main road, for you could hardly cross the road for the cars that kept coming by, and the rain that started to come down soon after we joined the road was a blessing in a very good disguise, for it laid the dust even while it wetted us. This road is exceedingly uninteresting, and we were glad to get to Cromer and tea—for which, by the way, we had to wait and fight—and then home by train. It was a pity that the last part was wet, for the view back over the heather on a fine day must be very fine.

On Wednesday we went by train to Overstrand, the village between Trimmingham and Cromer, and after looking over the ruins of a pretty ivy-covered church, we went for a lovely walk by Lord Battersea's gardens and Northrepps Hall, through a beautiful avenue of huge lime trees, to Cromer, and walked back along the cliffs.

(The rest omitted owing to limited space.)

A PEEP AT BUSH LIFE.

Life in the Australian bush. What visions it calls up of many strange adventures, till one's imagination loses itself in a mist of unknown wonders. And yet in reality it is a life full of hardness and practical labour. The day begins early and goes on till evening with hardly a wasted moment. But the bush itself! How can one describe it? Its vast loneliness, the great penetrating silence that can almost be felt. The long white waving grass and the gaunt gum trees. The ground covered with fallen timber. And all this stretching for miles and miles with a never ending sameness.

Where it is still uncleared the growth is so thick that in many places it is not possible to walk through it. Here and there is some chance path leading on ever forward into a maze of tangled undergrowth and close growing trees.

If we are riding, how the cold wind whistles past stinging the warm blood into our cheeks—making it race madly through our veins till in the intense exhilaration of body our souls seem to become part of nature herself. And the horses feel it too, and gladly fling away dull care. Ploughing and carting are forgotten and they sniff the clear fresh air and away we go along the flat, over the fallen timber like birds, up the steep hillside, the horses hoofs making a dull thud, thud on the coarse grass, past trees which seem to rise up at us, so quickly do we go. The fast setting sun casts a deep red glow over the grey trunks. Here and there a rabbit starts up making a sudden movement in the general stillness. Still up and through the swaying grass, the sun now a dull red globe over the hill top. For a moment we pause and pull up

our excited animals and look around and let the wonderful stillness sink in. Then with a rush we are off again down the slope along by the fence of the big paddock, thundering through the gate and round to the stable yard. The glow of the sun has gone and the night chill bites at us as we dismount.

But what of that—our blood is dancing through our veins—our lungs are filled with the crystal air. The short twilight fades even as we take off the saddles and let the horses loose to return contentedly to their fellows on the far hillside. We clatter into the kitchen and through to the dining-room where the log fire casts mysterious shadows on the wooden walls. The others shrink from the chilly freshness we bring in, while we throw anxious glances at the slow preparations for supper. For here in this keen air, though our hearts are filled with glorious thoughts of nature, yet hunger is ever present and cries continually to be appeased. A complete change puts a finishing touch to our physical contentment, and as we gather round the supper-table what matter if it is merely "Bush" fare. The inevitable tea and bread, salt mutton (often inevitable too), jam, and butter, and occasionally a hot pudding—welcome sight indeed for hungry mortals. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the meal, we do it ample justice. The happiness gained by a full day of work and healthful exercise pervades the atmosphere. Our jokes are many, and we laugh lightheartedly at them all. Then comes the bustle of "washing up." A few minutes and the table is cleared, and laughingly we troop into the kitchen. Truly it is a merry, busy life this, for we chase each other round the table and hold our breath as we collide into the crockery. But fortune favours our innocent amusement and no damage is done. At last, everything is in its place. The dining-room fire is replenished and we sit round it cosily armed with books and fancy work. So the evening slips peacefully away with reading, sometimes music, but more often with talks of old times in Scotland and the dear old friends there. Soon after ten the kettle is popped on the fire for the chilly ones who want hot water bottles, and a home-made cake is cut up.

It is surprising what inroads is made into it. Then we depart by the verandah to our rooms, stopping for a moment to look at the brilliant starry sky. The cold is intense and we gratefully welcome a wood fire ingeniously arranged in an old kerosene tin placed in the open fireplace. Fresh air is always to be had without money or trouble, and so we leave our verandah doors wide open. Who cares?—here fifty miles from a railway station there is no fear of intruders. Everything is now quiet for the night, and dreamless slumbers come to us all.

WHERE WE LIVE—DINARD ST. ENOGAT.

As it has been my lot to have a post in Brittany, I am sending you a few of my impressions of the place. Picture yourself standing on the western headland of an almost circular bay with a rather narrow mouth to it. At your western side lies Dinard, a villa-made town; behind you lies the mouth of the river Rance, up which you can make very pleasant excursions to Dinan, about twenty miles away; while on the opposite headland and along the shore of the bay lie the two very interesting old towns of St. Malo and St. Servans, the one with its ancient walls all round and quaint narrow streets, and the other with its interesting round tower of Anne of Brittany. Then as you turn to look out to sea, picture it at low tide, and you see countless islands and points of rock jutting out of the water, and you realise how it is that so little boating is done at this fashionable watering-place. In fact, it is only during fine and clear weather that the boats can ply; at the slightest sign of fog every vessel anchors where it happens to be until the fog clears. Only about six years ago the "Hilda" from Southampton had almost reached the bay when a fog came down, and she was wrecked in perfectly calm water. Inland the country is flat, but very pretty. It is mostly used for growing vegetables, or rearing cows and poultry, to supply the English markets; cargo boats laden with vegetables, eggs, and butter leave St. Malo daily, laden to their utmost

capacity with these useful commodities. Most of them go to Southampton, but one day I watched hundreds of vegetable baskets being swung on board a vessel bound for Liverpool (a run of about twenty hours), and there were others bound for Plymouth and Cardiff at the same time. The Breton people of this part are a long-lived and hard-working folk, not very clean, and not musical, either in their voices or in the street cries, and one tune seems to satisfy them for both solemn and gay processions; it is quite a rare thing to hear anyone whistling or singing in the streets. They are devout and pious, and their churches are considerably better kept, although far less ornate, than the Normandy ones. The difference between the outsides of the churches in Normandy and Brittany has struck me as being almost as great as between our cathedrals and dissenting chapels. The women of Dinard wear a narrowish muslin band round the hair, tied behind the left ear, with the long ends flying out behind, but otherwise their dress is usually similar to that worn in other parts of France. Each village in Brittany has its own distinctive "cap" or headdress, and the Breton costume is sometimes worn, though not as much as it was formerly.

There are some very pretty walks round Dinard, especially near the sea, when you get away from the town itself, and it is a good country for flowers. Most of those we have in the south of England grow there, and of course a few we do not find at home. The flowers one sees most of about that part are Danish scurvy grass, roses, honeysuckle, and gorse, of which last-named whole hedges are formed, making just a blaze of colour in springtime, and oh! the scent of it—that is a thing one can never forget. Of the animal life of Dinard, I was struck with the absence of gulls; one sees so few about there. But I have many times caught just a glimpse of tiny lizards on sunny banks; most of them were about four inches long, and painfully small across; many of them were no bigger round than a good-sized worm, and dull grey in colour. Perhaps of all the animals there the frogs are the most interesting—such lovely little bright-green fellows they are, and so cheerful, judging by the amount of croaking they indulge

in! They made one think of the frogs in "Alice in Wonderland" with their constant cry of "Beautifully dismal." Before going to Dinard I had never heard frogs croak at all, but there it is an unmistakable and characteristic noise; the nearest sound to it that I have ever heard is the cry of wild geese on the wing. The more inclined to rain it is, the happier do the frogs appear to be, judging by their shouting; and in damp or rainy weather they keep up a chorus from 10 till 11 p.m. regularly every night (no longer or earlier, as far as I could make out) so long as there is rain about. As our house was right in the town itself, and the nearest place at all suitable for frogs was quite a quarter of a mile away, there must have been an enormous number of them to make sufficient noise to reach us. I should be very much interested to hear what others have noticed about frogs, as they seem to be creatures with far more character than is generally supposed. Would it not be possible for the *Plant* to collect information on the subject? My very first remembrance of them is one I held in my hand as a treasure, until I found that he had died of heat, poor thing!

P.S.—In connection with the subject of Frogs, can anyone explain the following? In a private garden belonging to one of the College Houses at Marlborough there were some low bushes of evergreens, about the size of gooseberry bushes. In two of these were some empty birds' nests—thrushes', I believe—built in forks of the branches about a foot from the ground, and in them were discovered pairs of frogs, sitting side by side all day long, only leaving the nests at night, to return next morning. They did not seem to object to being looked at, but would sit quite still, just blinking at you sleepily. Can anyone suggest why they should choose such a spot? Nobody who saw them was able to. One frog was discovered sitting there alone first, but next day he had a companion, and the second pair were discovered soon afterwards. The frogs were fairly large, dull-coloured, but very decidedly frogs, not toads.